

OUR SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

What They Have to Say About Pension and Military Matters.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Small-Shot but Plenty of it from the Boys.

A STRONG PLEA FOR UNITY OF ACTION.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

In a former communication I spoke of pensioning all Union soldiers who were prisoners of war and served three months or more in Southern prisons. My reasons for so speaking are these: No man can find language expressive enough to depict the horrors and misery that had to be endured in those prisons, and our Congressmen and Senators are, I think, wholly uneducated in this matter, except as it is represented to them. But many comrades as well as myself can testify as to the afflictions we bore in those pens, and we should speak up, even if it is in a rude and uncouth manner.

As we have representatives from Southern prisons in every section of the country we should try to make our representatives in Congress and in the Senate feel our power in the near future. We say "hail to our chiefs"; we will stand by you in peace as well as in war, so long as you are in the right. Come out, all you old prisoners, and speak your piece—this is a speaking meeting where you all have a right to speak—and let everyone know what you think upon this subject. I think, as many of my comrades do, if the Government can lavish money upon deceased Presidents' widows and ex-presidents, (though I am not opposed to giving them what they deserve), it can afford to do justice to the poor soldier, and sooner or later it must come! Let us unite in our demands for it; let every soldier and sailor, whether a prisoner or not, speak up, even if he will not be directly benefited; we are indirectly benefited, and, in order to have a better hearing, become, if you are not one already, a subscriber to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, for in its columns you can speak out and will be heard. And let us manage to get a copy of THE TRIBUNE in the hands of each and every Congressman and Senator in the United States, and let them feel the force of our demands. Let us make our influence felt in our ballots in the near future.

If we are to be ignored by the Government officials surely we are at liberty to ignore such of them as ignore us, and it becomes our duty to work for those who work for us, for Uncle Sam well says, give the soldier all that which belongs to him; but some of those petty representatives strive to wear the golden collar and rule with an iron will. Ex-prisoners, soldiers, and sailors, will you submit without a murmur or will you put your shoulder to the wheel and try what virtue there is in earnest appeals, and cause our representatives to give another expression on this subject. Let us brand each and endeavor to put men in their places who will heed our requests. Yours, truly,

R. L. TATMAN.

MONTICELLO, ILL.

THE ONLY WONDER.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have been a subscriber only a very short time, and now the only wonder with me is how any ex-soldier can do without your paper. Reading it takes us back in memory to the old times of seventeen to twenty years ago, and I, for one, often wish them back. Not that I wish war, with all its horrors, upon us again, but only to the good old jolly times we had, while serving Uncle Sam. I am proud of the position you take upon the side of the soldier, and while I believe there are many drawing pensions undeservedly, yet I sincerely wish every one of Uncle Sam's boys that deserve help to have it. I was a soldier for nearly four years, a member of Capt. Jno. V. Keener's Battery B, First West Virginia Light Artillery, for three years, "veteranized," and when old Battery B's time expired was consolidated with Battery E of same regiment.

Give in your paper, if convenient, an account of some of the West Virginia battles. The account in your issue of September 9th of the battle of Kernstown and of the transactions of Gen. Banks in the Shenandoah Valley was read by me with a great deal of interest, as our battery at that time was in Gen. Shields' division. We were with him on his march to Frederickburg, and returned forced march back to Front Royal to the assistance of Gen. Banks, ending with the needless slaughter of two of his brigades at Port Republic.

JOE WORTHINGTON.

SPRINGFIELD, MISS., Sept. 11.

THE CREAM OF ALL PUBLICATIONS.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Enclosed you will find \$1 for a new subscriber. George Hill is a pensioner and wants your paper. It is the cream of all publications for the interest of the boys. I like it, and will not do without it as long as I live. If I can't pay for it, my boys will for me.

I served in the Third New York company. I have a pension claim pending since two years ago last March. I hope it will come soon, as I need it. I did not get the Government bounty. I enlisted in August, 1861, and served up to September 30. I got an honorable discharge through injuries incurred on the line of march, so I will be glad if the equalization of bounties passes, as it should. The ex-soldier has got one good and true friend, and all the boys should appreciate it as I do.

JOHN REGAN.

EAST HAMPTON, MASS.

NO EXAGGERATION.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

It is to be hoped that suspicions will not arise in the minds of any of our many readers that there is an effort prevailing among surviving prisoners to see which one can tell the "biggest story." To exaggerate the horrors of Southern prison life is an impossibility; as vividly as pen may be able to portray the sufferings or language tell the inhuman treatment endured by Union prisoners of war, no writer has yet been able to reach beyond the border of the madhouse of agony and distress continually prevalent and indelibly impressed upon the minds of surviving prisoners. Previous to going to Andersonville I was on Belle Island about five weeks in February and March, 1864. For nearly a week our squad of ninety men was obliged to face the sleet and chilling wind that came sweeping down the James, deprived of shelter, and only the damp, frozen ground to lie upon. Two of us, however, were more fortunate than some of the others, having secured three sticks of cord-wood upon which to lie, which, with a blanket, was better lodging than Belle Island usually furnished. Comrade Wood's experience with the lieutenant's dog reminds me of the "kidnapping" of the surgeon's little fat canine by one of the older inhabitants, which was not discovered until the little fellow was about half eaten. The penalty was to eat what re-

mained of the dog raw or endure severe punishment. It is hardly necessary to say that he ate the dog and made a cap of the skin that he wore many months afterwards in Andersonville.

Belle Island had more filth and "graybacks" to the square inch than any other three-acre spot on earth. A "Rob" once said the "graybacks" came with the "Yanks," but his theory was outdone by a practical Yankee, who claimed to have discovered the cotton-spun initials, "C. S. A.," on the back of the largest.

The boys out here are happy with their champion, "THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE," and you may expect a large list from this quarter. Truly, yours,

LE MAIS, IOWA.

SMALL SHOT.

Our Sharpshooters Picking Off the Enemy at Long Range.

"THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is giving universal satisfaction among old soldiers here." A. T. Pindler.—"Comrades, send for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and sustain the paper which is pouring shot into the camp of the enemy." D. S. Hinman.—"Your paper is the bravest and most outspoken advocate that the soldier has, and you can rest assured that the 'boys' in the North Star State will back you up as long as there is a button on your coat." M. M. Luce.—"Keep on in your good work, and we will win." Geo. F. Walter.—"I have been reading my neighbor's paper until I could get a spare dollar, and I don't think I could make a better investment." Samuel Graham.—"Enclosed please find post-office order for \$5. I was a subscriber to the Union Veteran, but am so well pleased with your paper that I renew my subscription." Ira Swart.—"It entirely fills the bill. It is the best paper I ever saw. Consider me a life subscriber." G. T. Michaels.—"Enclosed please find money-order for \$10. I am doing all I can to increase the circulation of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. I think it a most excellent paper." Calvin O. Diefenbaker.—"Keep on in the good work, and if \$1 don't pay you for publishing THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE you would not lose a single subscriber by charging \$1.50. For my part, I can't do without it." W. H. Wool.—"I enclose \$6. Every soldier ought to have your excellent paper." Knowlton Ferguson.—"THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE voices our sentiments. We will help you and by so doing help ourselves. We shall organize a G. A. R. Post this winter." Ernest Smith.—"Now, boys, let us all subscribe for that friend of ours, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and keep posted as to what Congress is doing for the 'boys who wore the blue.' I am going to try my hand at getting up a club." Chas. M. Peterson.—"THE TRIBUNE grows more interesting with every number. We are talking of forming a Grand Army Post." L. B. Moon.—"I consider THE TRIBUNE second to no weekly paper published. I take two other weekly papers, but neither of them can compare with it. This being the case, I will do what I can to increase its circulation." Geo. T. Byland.—"I wish THE TRIBUNE was printed on parchment, so that it would not wear out so soon." Geo. W. Buck.—"I would like to shake 'Free Lance' by the hand, for his suffering and mine make me feel near to him." J. W. Geyner.—"You may put me on your list for a life subscriber. I would not be without THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE let the cost be what it may." J. A. Richardson.—"Your postal notifying me that my subscription to the best of all papers has expired is at hand. Thanks. Here is my \$1. Keep sending it. I would not miss its weekly visits for five times its cost." George A. Walker.—"I like THE TRIBUNE fully as well as the Union Veteran. It is a larger paper, we get it more frequently, and the news it publishes is very interesting." W. A. Ogden.—"I have taken THE TRIBUNE for one year, and find it the best soldiers' paper I have ever taken." W. W.—"THE TRIBUNE is very much liked here. I think I can send you some more subscribers." N. K. P. Dunning.—"I send you \$12 for twelve new subscribers." Isaac Shakely.—"I would not give THE TRIBUNE for all the papers printed in the State of Wisconsin. I will send you a few more solid shot soon. Continue to shoot at Senator Beck and the New York Sun with your big gun." William Jaques.—"Do not by any means stop my paper—not even next year—for I want it as long as I am able to pay for it. Every ex-soldier should have it in his house." E. E. Trim.—"I admire the change from the Veteran to THE TRIBUNE, and will send you some more subscribers soon." Alex. B. Campbell.—"I enclose one year's subscription; when that expires let me know and I will forward another year's subscription if I have to sell my shirt to get the money." Willis P. Cobbs.—"It is just such a paper as I have wished for. I shall call the attention of my comrades in this vicinity to its character and merits." Oscar Sheppard.—"It does me good to read of the battles I once helped to fight." W. Terwilliger.—"I want your paper. I think it the soldiers' paper in every sense of the word." P. H. Smith.—"Among all the other periodicals we subscribe for the 'boys' generally go for THE TRIBUNE first, and cry if they don't get it." W. J. McNeir, Wm. B. Hatch Post, No. 37, Camden, N. J.—"I could not keep house without it. It keeps me posted in everything that affects the soldier." A. J. Stone.—"I hope the time will come when every comrade will look well to his own interest and subscribe for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE." Benjamin F. Kelly.—"Let our battle cry be 'forward,' and keep up the fire all along the line until we gain the victory." J. A. Leonard.—"I think Comrade La Baume could not have put the subscription list of the Union Veteran in better hands than yours." Moses Dimon.—"I was one of the subscribers of the Union Veteran. I liked that paper very much, but like THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE full as well." L. H. Smith.—"I feel that you are doing a glorious work. May you always be found at the post of duty." A. Needs.—"I intend to do all in my power to place THE TRIBUNE in the hands of every ex-soldier in the country. I love it above all other papers." George W. Parrott.—"I send you two more subscribers. As a matter of course, I feel interested in a paper like THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE." James Wells.—"This is the first shot from my skirmish line, and you will hear more when the 'boys' get their guns loaded." P. S. Potter.—"I have watched with much interest your advocacy of the soldiers' rights during the last session of Congress, and I will do all I can to get you subscribers." J. R. Hall.—"In '62 the boys in Blue were all right with some people who would like to ignore their claims now. I am glad to have a paper that advocates the soldiers' rights." J. F. Jackson.—"I have been a reader of THE TRIBUNE since April, and like it very much." Robert Hewitt.—"The more I read THE TRIBUNE the better I like it." A. G. Miller.—"Enclosed please find two dollars for the best soldiers' paper under the sun." F. P. Shepherd.—"I have been reading THE TRIBUNE for almost a year, and I think it is the best soldiers' paper printed." W. Camp.—"It is the best thing of the kind I ever saw. It ought to be in the hands of every old veteran." C. H. Schermerhorn.—"I was an old Union Veteran subscriber, but am well pleased with THE TRIBUNE." N. B. Noyes.—"It is the best paper printed." W. O. Gregory.

Some men, otherwise steady-headed, can never keep their balance in a bank.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The Old Battle-Field as It Looks To-Day.

ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.

The House Where Rosecrans Made His Headquarters.

[George Morgan in Philadelphia Times.]

With Lookout Mountain, dark and cloud-capped, on his right, and the long, low line of Missionary Ridge on his left, the visitor finds the road of seven miles from Chattanooga hither bordered with most pleasing objects. I was surprised when Tom whipped his horse from the Rossville pike into a by-way, remarking as he snatched his ash among the bushes: "I don't want an' we come a-killin'; put nigh ez fas ez I kited away from heah 'bout twenty yeh back."

IN THE BLACKJACK WOODS.

We were riding through flat woods, the larger trees of which had been much cut up on the 19th of September, the first day of the battle. Here had occurred a series of brilliant charges and counter-charges, none of any account except that in them hundreds were slain. Most of the trees are blackjacks, which, though so hard that lightning itself scarcely can crack the wood, bear countless scars and axe-marks. The scars were made by bullets—Yankee lead on one side and rebel lead on the opposite bark. The axe-marks were caused by Chattanooga dummies, who from the blackjacks and among the leaves picked thousands of pounds of valuable metal. Tom hitched his horse to a sapling in silence. Then he led the way between trees until he came to an oak as big around as the body of Senator David Davis. In the bark, about five feet from the roots, was a wound such as might have been made by the saw-sawing of a limb swayed in the storm's fitful mood.

DESOLATION AT THE FIELD'S CENTRE.

A trot of ten minutes took us out of the flat woods and along a level road with trees bordering to the Widow Glenn's place, which is the centre of the battle-field. Here Rosecrans had his headquarters, and here, on the 20th of September, the great day of the great battle, some heavy fighting was done. The house stood on the crest of a hill, as high as any round about, and with his glass Rosecrans could see along both of his wings. As he looked to the east he could catch a glimpse of the yellow Chickamauga winding between low banks. More than two miles in front of him was Bragg's line of 70,000 men, there being among them Longstreet and his fresh legion from Virginia. As at Murfreesboro McCook was on the right, and as at Murfreesboro McCook was driven in utter rout. The whole right wing was swept from the field.

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.

When half the grand army was in route, the other half drew itself around the "Rock of Chickamauga" and withstood as wild a storm as ever split to shreds the sails of a ship of state. With Rosecrans gone Thomas took foothold on the eminence known in books as "Horseshoe Ridge," just beyond the Dyer house and a little out of eye-shot of the Glenn place.

I would like to picture this hill in all its outlines if I were able—would like to make at this point a sort of red-letter-mark—for long after readers and writer are dead and gone the hill will be a place of pilgrimage, a Mecca for lovers of the brave. Now it carries its wild covering of ages, but the generations yet to spring will clear it and crown it while cannons thunder. From its crest will be lifted a pillar of stone, and thereon will stand the image of the hero.

On his front pressed the enemy, on his left thousands stormed, and, like the incoming of mighty waves, line after line rolled against his right. But there Thomas stood, almost surrounded, with no thought of surrender, calm in the midst of the thrust, the parry, the horse call of man to man, the rattle of many muskets, the roar from huge logs of iron too hot to touch, smoke that screened and reddened the September sun—in the whirlpool of battle.

SIGHTS ON THE FAMOUS HILL.

Rhetoric is rhetoric and fact is fact, and so I hasten to tell the reader that this hill with a history is known locally as Snodgrass hill. As the worshipful knight in armor of gold walks in the same footpath as the down with cap and bells, so the words "Snodgrass" and "the Rock of Chickamauga" walk the same chalk line of fame. Guided by Mr. Dyer I climbed the slope on the east to the spot where General Thomas stood in the thick of battle. The whole surface of the hill is well sated and peppered with bits of flint. Growing out of the gravel are trees of several kinds—black-jack, black oak, hickory, pine and sassafras—and the devil's shoe-string, with the roots of which one could securely bind a Samson, is found here and there among the vines. Most of the old trees are scarred and chipped. The Union defenders of the hill fired down the slope, and while their bullets remain on one side of a tree the bullets of the enemy may be dug from the other. Hundreds of scooped-out places, like such as are made by wallowing swine, are found on the slopes by the score. All such sinks once contained dead men, but the bones have been shovelled out to fill the cemeteries. In some places we came across burial trenches that looked as though they must have contained whole companies, so long days of peace when the partridge whistles among them and the whip-whip whistles above. Three or four little grave mounds, whereof the reddish soil seemed newly turned, were objects of surprise to me until Mr. Dyer coming up explained that here on the top of the hill was the unfenced burying ground of the Snodgrass family. These are not the only undisturbed graves, for on one of the spurs of the Horseshoe is a pit containing the bodies of a dozen Union soldiers, and in the timber just at the foot of the western slope thirteen Confederate soldiers of the Fifth Kentucky lie in a row.

It Sometimes Works the Other Way.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

The occupant of an office on Congress street west fixed matters one day this week in such shape that any caller had to run the gauntlet of a boy in the ante-room, and as he retired into his den beyond he said to the youth: "Now, young man, look me in the eye."

"Yes, sir."

"And remember what I say."

"Yes, sir."

"If any person calls and asks if I am in, you must say you don't know. You will then ask their business. If they say it is a financial matter, you must come in here, stop a minute, and return and say that I am out of town to take baths for my rheumatism."

"Yes, sir."

It was hardly an hour before a stranger

came up, and when asked his business he replied:

"Well, I called on a little errand involving some money."

That was the cue for the boy. He retreated to the back room, winked at his employer, and returned to the ante-room and reported: "He has just left for the country on a vacation."

"Then I'll leave a note," said the man, and he sat down and wrote a few lines and took his departure. When he had been gone ten minutes the employer came out to read it. It read:

"Called to pay you that \$90, but you were out. Am off for Tennessee. See you when I return in January. Tra-la!"

It was the work of only ten seconds to fling on his hat and reach the street; but it was too late. An hour's hard work, including a walk to one of the depots, failed to turn up the man who had money to leave instead of a bill to collect. The boy over there was looking very much cast down yesterday. One would have said that somebody had been swearing at him.

FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Something About What is Going on in the Religious World.

There are 610 Chinamen attending the Chinese Sunday schools in New York.

The American Missionary Society needs but \$25,000 to close the year without loss.

A North Carolina clergyman, who has been receiving \$300 a week, has struck for \$4.

Dr. Robert Moffat, the African missionary, is still in good health, though in his eighty-sixth year.

"Fighting Parson" Moody, of Ohio, has asked to be placed on the superannuated list of the M. E. Church.

Supplying lithograph sermons to lazy clergymen of the Established Church has become a regular business in England.

Evangelist Barnes has concluded his four weeks' revival in Indianapolis. There were 983 applicants for Divine aid.

The Lutheran Observer wants Thanksgiving Day set back to some day in October, in order to make it a real celebration of harvest home.

The Rev. Dr. Rhodes, of St. Louis, says the prevalence of suicides is due to infidelity and pessimism, and the remedy is faith in this life and the life to come.

The General Unitarian Conference began Monday its biennial session at Saratoga. Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, presided. F. Rockwood Hoar, Dorman R. Eaton, and other distinguished laymen have arrived, as well as the principal clergymen of the denomination, among them Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clark, Charles G. Ames, Samuel R. Culthorp, George L. Chaney, and Rush B. Shippen.

The German Reformed Board of Missions of the Synod of the United States opened its annual session at Harrisburg, Pa., Monday. It has under its charge missions in New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. The establishment of a mission church at Roanoke, Virginia, was agreed to. A proposition to increase the superintendent's pay was voted down.

Did you ever hear of a church invalids' room? In every congregation there are a few chronic invalids who would gladly attend worship for at least a portion of the service. For such is prepared in at least one church that we know of, on one side of the recess in which stands the pulpit, a room, with a window (invisible to most of the audience) which looks directly down on the preacher's desk. This apartment is divided by a thick wall from the main audience-room, and entered by a private door. In it are tables, chairs, lounges, and other conveniences. The inmates may sit or stand or lie or walk, cough when disposed, and leave the house at their pleasure without disturbing the congregation. And to any building committee with a new church to erect let us say, Go and do ye likewise.

The Rev. Dr. Pusey, who died in England on the 15th inst., was a strange ecclesiastical figure—half Protestant, half monk. To the present generation of Englishmen, Dr. Pusey was chiefly known as an Oxford recluse, living among his books and palimpsests, spending weeks in interpreting a line of St. Augustine, writing an occasional letter to the papers to defend an imprisoned ritualist or a disputed reading in the Nicene Creed. To the past generation he was a power, for he tried to teach it a new doctrine, to form it into a new sect. His success was inconsiderable. The Church of England regarded him as the Prince of Darkness; the Church of Rome placed his tractate on the "Index Expurgatorius." Preaching all that Newman preached, yet refusing to follow whither Newman led, his personal fervor could not atone for his doctrinal inconsistency, and his following fell into discord. He was held responsible for the extravagances of Mr. Mackenzie and the ritualists, and the meaning of his evangel was wholly lost.

Talmage is described as follows by the Boston Herald correspondent: "His mouth, like his church, is more commodious than that of any other American clergyman. Otherwise he is a common-looking man. His hair is straight, and reaches to his coat collar behind, but not nearly to his forehead in front. When he smiles you know it, but you do not see the idiotic grin of a clown. He steps high in walking to and fro on the platform, but does not jump up and crack his heels together. He uses his arms freely in gesticulation, but they never look like more than two. He is not a jumping jack—at least he was not on this occasion. Perhaps there was nothing in the sermon exciting enough to pull the string." The same writer credits Talmage with memorizing his sermons so perfectly that, without copy or notes, his delivery is almost, sentence for sentence, identical with the manuscript which he has studied. "When it is considered," he says, "that the longest role in a play seldom equals a sermon in length, and that the actor is aided by the breaking up of his lines into dialogue, by the dramatic situations in which he is placed, and by the prompter, whenever, if his recollection fails, then Talmage's two feats of memory every Sunday may be fully comprehended."

"The Artist's Touch."

[By Mrs. Blake.]

Under the artist's flying hand
The white keys rise, the white keys fall;
Now sudden sweet, now trumpet loud,
Above the heads in silence bowed,
The brave chords lift the listening hall.

But if the "touch be low and soft,"
Or if he strike with flame and fire,
Through all the changes delicate rung
The soul of music finds a tongue
To lift its message high and higher.

For major chord and minor note
Not of themselves the tones prolong;
But as the red and broken seeds of corn
Through which the master's soul reveals
His radiant thought enshrouded in song.

Dear Lord! These instruments are we;
Under Thy hand we stand alone!
And if Thy touch bring loss or gain,
And if it lead through joy or pain
With still, small voice or trumpet tone—

We may not care to ask or know,
Nor heed if glad or sad it be,
If in the end Thy thought may roll
Through every chord of heart and soul
And bear its harmony to Thee.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The History of a Bloody Day in the Annals of the War.

A DESPERATE CHARGE.

How Gen. Stonewall Jackson Received His Death Wound.

[Continued from last week.]

And now, with the right of our line all gone, with a yawning gap where Sickles' corps and Williams' division had previously been posted, with Lee thundering against our centre and left, and Jackson taking all our defences in reverse, his first line being close on Chancellorsville itself, it seemed as if the total rout of the army was inevitable.

Just before this attack Hooker had decided to interpose more force between the wings of the rebel army, in order to permanently discover Jackson from the main body. If Sickles had been allowed to attack the left flank of the enemy opposite the Furnace, as he requested permission to do earlier in the afternoon, this co-operative movement could hardly have failed to produce great results; afterward it was too late to attempt it. As already stated, Williams' division struck Anderson in front on Birney's left, and Geary attacked McLaws' across the Plank Road to the right of Hancock. Geary found the enemy strongly posted, and, as he made no progress, returned to his works. When the rout of the Eleventh Corps took place, Williams also hastened back, but was fired on by Jackson's troops, who now occupied the intrenchments he had left. Sickles thinks if this had not occurred, several regiments of the enemy would have been cut off from the main body.

A STAMPEDE.

The constantly increasing uproar, and the wild rush of fugitives past the Chancellorsville House, told Hooker what had occurred, and roused him to convulsive life. His staff charged on the flying crowd, but failed to stop them, and it became necessary to form a line of fresh troops speedily, for Jackson in his onward march was sweeping everything before him. It was not easy to find an adequate force for this emergency, for the whole line was now actively engaged, Slocomb being attacked on the south, and Couch and Meade on the east. Fortunately, Birney's division was held in reserve, and was available. They were true and tried men, and went forward at once to the rescue. Birney was directed to form across the Plank Road, drive the rebels back, and retake the lost intrenchments; an order easy to give, but very difficult to execute. In fact, the most he could do under the circumstances, was to form his line in the valley opposite Fairview, and hold his position there, the enemy already having possession of the higher ground beyond.

Before Birney went out Warren had already stopped several of the Eleventh Corps batteries, and had formed them across the Plank Road behind the position the infantry assumed. The fire of these guns was very destructive and was the principal agent in checking the enemy. As soon as they formed in line, Warren gave orders to Colonel Drest, chief of artillery to the Twelfth Corps, to post more batteries on the eminence called Fairview, to the rear and left of the others.

Few people appreciate the steadiness and courage required, when all around is flight and confusion, for a force to make its way through crowds of fugitives, advance steadily to the post of danger in front, and meet the exulting enemy, while others are seeking safety in the rear. Such men are heroes, and far more worthy of honor than those who fight in the full blaze of successful warfare.

The thickets being unfavorable to cavalry, Sickles had sent Pleasonton back to Hazel Grove with two mounted regiments, the Eighth New York, the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, and Martin's battery, while the Sixth New York was scouting the woods dismounted. Upon reaching the open space which he had left when he went to the front, Pleasonton found the place full of the debris of the combat—men, horses, caissons, ambulances, all rushing furiously to the rear. To clear the way he charged on the flying mass, at Sickles's suggestion, who had ridden in advance of his troops which were still behind at the Furnace. Sickles directed Pleasonton to take command of the artillery, and the latter hastily collected twenty-two guns, consisting of his own and the Third Corps batteries. Unfortunately there was no time to load or aim, for the rebels were close at hand, and their triumphant yells were heard as they took possession of the works Buschbeck had so gallantly defended. In another moment our troops would have been compelled to give up this advantageous position, which was on an eminence overlooking Chancellorsville and the Plank Road, and which was really the key of the battle-field.

A DESPERATE ALTERNATIVE.

There was but one way to delay Jackson. Some force must be sacrificed, and Pleasonton ordered Major Peter Keenan, commanding the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, to charge the ten thousand men in front with his four hundred. Keenan knew if he threw his little force into that seething mass of infantry, horses and men would go down on all sides, and there would be few left to tell the tale. A sad smile lit up his noble countenance, as he said, "General, I will do it." At thirty-four years of age, literally impaled on the bayonets of the enemy, he laid down his life and saved the army from capture and his country from the unutterable degradation of the establishment of slavery in the northern States. History will record the service rendered on that occasion as worthy to be classed with the sacrifices of Arnold Winkler in Switzerland and the Chevalier d'Assas in France.

A large part of his command were lost, but the short interval thus gained was of priceless value. Pleasonton was enabled to clear a space in front of him and to bring twenty-two guns loaded with double canister to bear upon the enemy. They came bursting over the parapet they had just taken with loud and continuous yells, and formed in line of battle within three hundred yards of Pleasonton, displaying a United States flag to deceive him. He soon detected the imposture, and fired into their masses with all his guns at once. The discharge seemed fairly to blow them back over

the works from which they had just emerged. Their artillery under Colonel Crutcheff, which had been brought up to sweep the Plank Road, was almost annihilated by the fire of the battery on the Plank Road. This gave time to reload the guns.

A DETERMINED STRUGGLE.

The enemy rallied and opened a furious musketry fire from the woods against Pleasonton and Berry. Both stood firm, and then came two charges in succession which reached almost to the muzzles of Pleasonton's guns, which were only supported by two small regiments of cavalry, the Sixth New York, and a new and untitled regiment, the Seventeenth Pennsylvania. The whole did not amount to over 1,000 men. The One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, of Whipple's division, arrived in time to strengthen the cavalry support, and many of the Eleventh Corps men fell into line also. The last charge of the enemy was baffled by the opportune arrival of Birney's and Whipple's divisions and Barlow's brigade, which formed in columns of brigades behind Pleasonton. They had been ordered back at the first report of the disaster.

By this time, too, (about 9 p. m.,) Hayes's brigade of French's corps had been posted on the right, in rear and oblique to Berry's second line. The latter had greatly strengthened his position with log breastworks, etc. Captain Best, of the Fourth United States artillery, in the meantime, had exerted himself to collect forty or fifty guns belonging to the Twelfth, Third, and some he had stopped from the Eleventh Corps, and had arranged them at Fairview, to fire over the heads of Berry's troops into the thicket where the enemy were posted and along the Plank Road.

JACKSON'S DEATH WOUND.

Hooker was so disheartened at the unexpected success of the enemy, that when the first shock came he sent word to Sickles to save his command if he could, and at one time there is little doubt that he thought of retreating and leaving the Third Corps to its fate. For when the enemy charged there was an awful gap in our lines; Birney's, Whipple's, and Williams' divisions, and Barlow's brigade were all absent. Fortunately Jackson was unable to press his advantage; for the ardor of the charge, the darkness, the thickets and the abatis in which his forces became entangled, caused Rhodes's and Colston's divisions to be all intermingled, creating such disorder and confusion that military organization was suspended, and orders could neither be communicated nor obeyed. Jackson, therefore, halted his men in the edge of the woods, about a mile and a half from Chancellorsville, posted two brigades on the two roads that came in from the south, and sent for Hill's division, which was in rear and which had not been engaged, to take the front, while the other two divisions fell back to the open space at Dowdall's tavern, to reform their lines. Pending this movement, he rode out on the Plank Road with part of his staff and a few orderlies to reconnoitre, cautioning his pickets not to fire at him on his return. When he came back new men had been posted, and his approach was mistaken for the advance of Pleasonton's cavalry. His own troops fired into him with fatal effect. Nearly all his escort were killed or wounded, and he received three balls which shattered both arms. His horse ran toward the Union lines, and, although he succeeded in turning him back, he was dashed against the trees and nearly unhorsed. He reached the Confederate lines about the time our artillery again opened up the Plank Road with a fire which swept everything from its front. Several of his attendants were killed and others wounded.

"YOU MUST HOLD YOUR GROUND."

The rebels found the utmost difficulty in keeping their men in line under this tremendous fire. Sentries had to be posted, and great precautions taken to prevent the troops from giving way. General Pender recognized Jackson as he was carried past and complained of the demoralizing effect of this cannonade, but Jackson replied sharply and sternly, "You must hold your ground, General Pender." He was removed to the Wilderness Tavern, and as General Lee was in some fear that Averell's cavalry, then at Elley's Ford, might make a dash and capture him, he was sent on to Guinea's Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, where he died on the 10th of May. Whether the rebels killed him, or whether some of his wounds came from our own troops, the First Massachusetts or Seventy-third New York, who were firing heavily in that direction, is a matter of some doubt. While leaning over him and expressing his sympathy, A. P. Hill was also wounded by the fire from a section of Dimick's battery, posted in advance in the Plank Road, and the command of his corps was assigned, at his request, to the cavalry general, J. E. B. Stuart.

When our artillery fire ceased Hill's troops took position in front of the others.

[To be continued.]

When the frost is on the pumpkin,
[By Benj. F. Johnson.]
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kye-cuck and gobble of the strut-tin turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O it's then the times a feller is a feelin' at his best;
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of tedious rest;
As he leaves the house bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.
They's somepin' kind o' hearty, like, about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—